

J. W. Rice

Autograph of Dr. Isaac Watts
in Pyleaf

Sam. Wilson Pix
20 April 1829.



Sarah Parker



J.W.

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Franklin

CHILDREN'S BOOK
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Sarah Parker

M O R A L
S O N G S

Composed for the Use of
CHILDREN.

*Let us now praise famous Men and our
Fathers that begat us.—Such as found
out musical Tunes, and recited Verses in
Writing. Ecclesiasticus, xlv. 1—5.*



LONDON, Printed for RICHARD FORD, at the
Angel in the Poultry, near Stocks-Market. 1728.

M O R A L

S O N G S

Composed for the Use of

CHILDREN.

Let us now praise famous Men and our
Fathers who begin us ————
our noblest Tunes and sweetest words in
Nature. Ecclesiasticus, xiv. 1-5




Printed by J. B. L. ...



TO
William Archer, Esq;

S I R,

S the first Poem which I publish'd, was adorn'd with the Lustre of the Name prefix'd, so now I take the Liberty of inscribing this Manual to you, to shew my respectful Veneration, and passionate Gratitude for those numerous Favours which, since that Time, you have conferr'd upon me.

About seven Years ago, when I was labouring under great Anxieties of Mind, and the most disheartening Cir-

A 2 cumstances,

cumstances, and was at the same Time afflicted with the Small Pox, in a very severe and uncommon Degree, your Kindness soften'd those melancholy Hours ; and amidst Confinement, Pain, Regret, and Danger, I was refresh'd by your singular Humanity ; and the Preservation of my Life was, in a considerable Measure, owing to your seasonable Compassion.

I believe I may venture to affirm, That few Patrons in our Age have given such a noble Instance of Christian Generosity : I make use of this Epithet, to distinguish it from a Beneficence ; which, as it springs from inferior Motives, so it seldom rises to so exalted a Pitch.

I am sensible, that no Composures of mine, how labour'd soever, can yield a sutable Entertainment to a Gentleman of so refin'd a Taste, and who is so conversant with the most learned and valuable Authors : It may therefore seem strange that I should offer these *Moral Songs* to
your

The Dedication.

v

your View, in which I have been oblig'd to deface several Poetical Ornaments, that I might not fail of my Design, but adapt them to the Capacities of Children.

But as divine Providence has blessed you with a Daughter, who, in a few Years, may be capable of finding some instructive Amusement in these little Poems, I must own I took this Method of recommending them to her future Regard.

And this I am the more encourag'd to do, since a Gentleman who makes so considerable a Figure in the Polite World as Mr. *Watts*, has done me the Honour of recommending this Performance to the Publick. And besides I am conscious that it has been my great Care, in every Ode, to display the Beauty of some Moral Virtue, and shew the happy Consequences of a due Regulation of the Passions.

May the Favours of Heaven be still continued to your Self and Family:


May not only this Year, upon which we are lately enter'd, prove happy, but every succeeding one appear with an increasing Brightness, till you arrive at that blifsful State, where immortal Honours shall crown the Pious, and never-fading Pleasures surround the Beneficent.

I am, Sir,


Your most obedient Servant,

Jan. 16. 1728.

THOMAS FOXTON.



PREFACE.



THESE Songs were written at the Desire of a Friend: And tho' the Request was made at a Time when I had as little Inclination for Amusements of this Nature, as can possibly be imagin'd; yet when I was persuaded, that such an Undertaking might be of considerable Service to Children, by yielding them an agreeable Mixture of Instruction and Pleasure, I pass'd over several Difficulties; and having finish'd the Design, it is now offer'd to the Publick.

IT may be observed, that Children are very much delighted with little Poems, Histories, Emblems, and Fables; yet sometimes they pay too dear for their Entertainment, and have their Minds sully'd with improper Ideas, while their eager Fancies are charm'd with the Historian's artful Contrivance, or the glittering Colours of the Poet. Thus though the Walks thro' which they ramble, look very green and enticing, yet a destructive Serpent often lurks among the Flowers.

I F Works of this Kind, that bring Pleasure attended with greater Inconveniencies, are so much admir'd, there is some Reason to hope, that those which improve and entertain at the same Time, will find a more general Acceptance among the vertuous Part of Mankind.

IT is easy to observe, what a great Run such Books have had. We need no other Instance than Æsop's Fables, which have been highly esteem'd in all Ages since their Publication, as evidently appears, not only by their Translation into all Languages, but by the Variety and Number of Editions in which they have appear'd in most of the polite Nations: And surely every considering Person must confess,

feſs, that it is a *Work of admirable Beauty, and uncommon Uſefulneſs.*

I may venture to ſay, that (excepting the Third) every one of the following Songs has ſomething in it of the Nature of a Hiſtory, Emblem, and Fable join'd together, with a Moral Reflection proper to the Occaſion. Moreover it may be obſerved, that the Subjects handled in this little Book, are not taken from imaginary Conferences of Birds, Beaſts, &c. but from thoſe real Occurrences which Children daily meet with, and in which they themſelves are the principal Actors.

I have endeavour'd to adapt theſe Compoſures to the different Ages and Capacities of Children. Some I have peculiarly deſign'd for thoſe who may be about five or ſix Years old; and others for thoſe who have lived much longer, and are approaching towards the Bloom of their Youth: And perhaps ſome few of them may not be unacceptable to thoſe who are actually arriv'd at that beautiful and vigorous Stage of Life.

IT cannot be expected that Songs chiefly intended for the Uſe of Children, ſhould have thoſe glittering Ornaments which are requir'd in other Poetical Performances: It is ſufficient

ficient if they are capable of yielding a profitable Amusement to those for whose Sake they were compos'd, without being flat and insipid, or deservedly falling under the Contempt of unprejudic'd and able Criticks.



To

To the Bookfeller.

Mr. FORD,

SIR,

I Have read over the *Moral Songs* which you put into my Hand. You know I have often wished that some ingenuous Pen would furnish *Children* with a Variety of Verse, written in Favour of Vertue and good Manners; and I told the World so a dozen Years ago, at the End of my little Book of *Divine Songs for Children*. Now I must confess, these Compositions come nearer to my Desires and Wishes, than any others that I have seen.

As the Sonnets are design'd for Children and Youth, so the Subjects are borrow'd from their little Affairs, and the Occurrences of younger Life: And if any Man considers them in this View, I think he must pronounce, that they are far above Contempt. I rather fear, that in some Places, the Language and the Moral Instructions may be too high for their Understandings, till they arrive at 12 or 15 Years of Age.

It sufficiently appears, by several of these Composures, that the Author has a Genius capable of being useful to the World. If you publish them, I heartily wish you Success: And may the Minds of Children be furnish'd hereby with something vastly preferable to those trifling or vicious Songs which they too often learn for want of better.

I am, Sir,

London, Decemb.
26th, 1727.

Your humble Servant,

I. WATTS.

BOOKS printed for *Richard Ford*,
at the *Angel* in the *Poultry*, near
Stocks-Market.

DIVINE Songs, attempted in easy
Language, for the Use of Children.
The 7th Edition.

Prayers compos'd for the Use and I-
mitation of Children; suited to their dif-
ferent Ages, and their various Occasions.
Together with Instructions to Youth in
the Duty of Prayer, drawn up by way
of Question and Answer: And a serious
Address to them on that Subject. Both
by the Rev. Mr. *I. Watts*.

In a little Time will be publish'd by
the above-mentioned Author, A Dis-
course of the Education of Children in
their younger Years. With a Defence of
Charity Schools.



Moral Songs FOR CHILDREN.

SONG I.

The Anglers' Reflection.

I.

SEE how the little Fishes play
Along the gliding Stream!
With what Delight they cut their Way,
And spend in Pastime all the Day,
Nor once of Danger dream.

II.

Nay, When the fatal Snares appear
By subtle Anglers cast;
With Pleasure round their Bane they steer,
And view the Bait, nor think nor fear
That Hour will prove their last.

B

III.

III.

Allur'd by such deceitful Art,
They seize the tempting Prey,
But soon they feel the tingling Smart,
And the sharp Hook with crooked Dart
Soon takes their Lives away.

IV.

Thus heedless Mortals are infnar'd,
By some deceitful Charm;
And Wine and Beauty are prepar'd
To make them drop their needful Guard,
And all their Passions warm.

V.

If then seduc'd they fondly stray
Thro' Pleasure's wanton Bowers,
Their transient Mirth will soon decay,
And Guilt and Fear in pale Array
Will wither all the Flowers.

VI.

No more their Slumbers are serene,
Nor easy Minutes roll;
But Terror darkens every Scene,
And piercing Thoughts like Arrows keen,
Torment the wounded Soul.

SONG II.

The deceitful Brook.

I.

A Spritely Boy fatigu'd with Heat,
Did to a Neighb'ring Brook retreat,
Where oft he'd seen the Waters flow,
And pretty Pebbles shine below.

II.

But when arriv'd, with sad Surprise
He saw no bubbling Current rise,
No liquid Treasure could be found,
Nor lovely Springs enrich'd the Ground.

III.

The Fervor of a Summer's Sky,
And constant Heat had drawn it dry ;
And no Remains at all appear'd
Of that which once had cool'd and chear'd.

IV.

How oft (says he) have I beheld
'Thy Banks o'erflow'd, thy Waters swell'd ?
And with a rapid Torrent pass
O'er rising Flow'rs and springing Grass.

V.

But now I thirst and long in vain
 Thy timely Favours to obtain,
 Thy transient Streams are sure unkind,
 They have not left one Drop behind.

VI.

So fickle Friends withdraw their Aid,
 When Fortune's Favours are decay'd;
 When all our smiling Hours are gone,
 And sharp Adversity comes on.

VII.

All mortal Joys are apt to fade
 Like hasty Rills that wash the Glade;
 Or gushing Brooks that fill'd with Rain,
 Rush on a while, and sink again.

SONG III.

The Folly of Envy.

I.

[Breast.]

WHY should pale Envy rack my
 To see my Brother shine?
 Should Wit or Vertue break my Rest,
 By far transcending mine?

II.

II.

The very Charms we should admire,
Make this vile Passion rise,
And loveliest Objects of Desire,
Offend and pain our Eyes.

III.

In other Vices Pleasure smiles
And captivates the Heart,
But here malignant Venom kills,
Tormenting is the Smart.

IV.

The Man that fondly harbours this,
Admits a Guest unkind,
That soon will spoil his former Bliss,
And ruffle all his Mind.

V.

The Satisfaction he can gain,
Must rise from Scenes of Woe ;
He triumphs at his Neighbour's Pain,
When Tears should rather flow.

VI.

But if Prosperity attends
The envy'd Object long,
He pines like discontented Friends,
His Pangs of Grief are strong.

VII.

Then let us shun this odious Stain
Which pierces thro' the Bones;
And makes the Subjects of its Reign,
Relentless as the Stones.

SONG IV.

On the flying of a Paper Kite.

I.

SEE how the Kite mounts up the Skies,
The Lads rejoice to see it rise,
And float upon the Wind;
Sometimes it takes a tow'ring Flight,
And aiming at the World's of Light,
It leaves the Birds behind.

II.

Again, when panting Gales decline,
In vain they pull the slackning Line,
To raise the gay Machine;
It sinks apace to humbler Earth,
And puts a Period to their Mirth,
By falling on the Green.

III.

Thus Fortune's Fav'rites proudly soar,
While gazing Crowds their State adore,
With Pleasure and Surprize;
Charm'd with their Brightness they behold
The lucid Gems, the sparkling Gold,
And Robes of various Dyes.

IV.

But when dark Clouds the Prospect stain,
And harsher Fate begins its Reign,
The wond'ring Throng retire;
The glitt'ring Meteors lose their Flames,
And mingling with ignobler Names,
Their Grandeur does expire.

V.

Thus * *Edward*, round whose sacred Head
Majestick Lustre had been shed,
Was hurry'd from his Throne;
No more his Royal Rubies glow'd,
But sinking in a Sable Cloud,
Set like a Winter's Sun.

* *The Id.*

SONG V.

The happy Disappointment.

I.

THE Morn in clouded State arose,
 No chearful Red adorn'd the East,
 When *William* left his soft Repose,
 And soon the active Lad was drest.

II.

But when he saw the Skies o'ercast,
 And hollow Winds presaged Rain,
 The Boy repented of his Haste,
 And thought his rising but in vain.

III.

How can I go to School to Day,
 'Thro' driving Rain and stormy Gales?
 My safest Course is here to stay,
 I find my Resolution fails.

IV.

These Words his careful Parents heard,
 And as they thought his Judgment wrong,
 With grave Resentment soon appear'd,
 And check'd the Sallies of his Tongue.

V.

Their strict Commands were on him laid,
 No more to murmur or repine ;
 The Youth with filial Fear obey'd,
 Nor tarry'd till the Heavens would shine.

VI.

Then when arriv'd at School he found
 Fresh Entertainments sweetly rise,
 And every Lesson did abound
 With new Delight, and soft Surprise.

VII.

His Master to reward his Care,
 Gave him a Book which richly shone,
 Thus he that came with anxious Fear,
 Return'd with Pleasure seldom known.

S O N G VI.

Upon gathering in the Harvest.

I.

SEE how the yellow Harvests rise
 And wave along the Fields !
 The Swain with Pleasure in his Eyes
 Beholds the rich, the full Supplies,
 That bounteous Nature yields.

II.

With Joy the ready Lab'ers come
To cut the ripen'd Grain, [Home,
And bring their Sheaves with Shouting
Scarce can the largest Barns find Room,
So fruitful is the Plain.

III.

Before these Blessings can be found,
Much Toil must be endur'd ;
The Plough must tear the stubborn Ground,
And e'er the Vales with Corn abound,
They must be well manur'd.

IV.

The Seed must die beneath the Earth,
Before the Blade can spring ;
Long lies conceal'd its hidden Worth,
Before it yields a verdant Birth,
And makes the Vallies sing.

V.

Thus Youth Instruction must attend,
To form their tender Souls ;
To Wisdom's Dictates gently bend,
And take him for the greatest Friend
Who most their Lusts controuls.

VI.

If Children in their tender Days
 To Discipline submit,
 The glad Effects of Wisdom's Ways
 Will crown their Lives with lasting Praise,
 And Fruits of solid Wit.

SONG VII.

On the Ringing of Bells.

I.

H Ark how the merry Bells ring round !
 While Eccho spreads the spritely
 [Sound,
 And makes the first Appearance gay,
 Of this distinguish'd Holiday.

II.

Each tuneful Bell in Order goes,
 Whence the harmonious Music flows;
 No Jar, no Discord, can we hear
 To grate upon the nicest Ear.

III.

The shriller Notes with deeper join,
 And all in Melody combine ;
 Whence Neighb'ring Towns receive De-
 And all in general Joy unite.

[light,
IV.

IV.

Thus when Companions sweetly move,
In smiling Peace and tender Love,
A charming Pleasure will ensue,
Soft as the Drops of Morning Dew.

V.

This firm Cement does Kingdoms bind,
And makes large Families so kind,
As if one noble active Soul,
Inspir'd, adorn'd, and mov'd the whole.

VI.

When Brothers thus with Brothers live,
And mutual Proofs of Friendship give,
Refined Joys in Circles run,
Splendid and constant as the Sun.

VII.

Spectators view such Social Love,
And think of sacred Bliss above ;
It does their Admiration claim,
And gains a bright and lasting Name.

SONG VIII.

The Danger of mispending Time.

I.

HOW craftily the Spider weaves
 And draws her artful Threads!
 Yet sudden Chance her Hopes deceives,
 And spoils the Nets she spreads.

II.

Let me not spend my precious Hours
 In trifling Works like these,
 But still employ my active Powers
 In what may truly please.

III.

Let Vertue be my chiefest Care,
 And Learning my Delight,
 To make the Day compleatly fair,
 And gild the gloomy Night.

IV.

Let my Diversions all be free
 From Mischief, and from Guile,
 So shall my Play delightful be,
 And ev'ry Hour will smile.

If I mispend this early Time,
 'Twill darken on Review,
 And the Remembrance of this Crime,
 My pensive Soul pursue.

VI.

But 'tis delicious to survey
 The Years well spent and past,
 It makes the Mind serene and gay,
 And yields a rich Repast.

VII.

Thus pleas'd th' industrious Gard'ner
 Green Plants his Walks adorn, [sees
 And cluster'd Fruits which bend the Trees,
 And redden every Morn.

SONG IX.

Upon the Singing of a Nightingale.

I.

A Midst the Night when Silence reigns
 O'er all the Fields and flow'ry Plains,
 The Nightingale will sing;
 She leans her Breast upon a Thorn,
 And till the grey Approach of Morn,
 She rivals every String.

II.

II.

When other wing'd Musicians rest,
And lie conceal'd within their Nest,
This Bird displays her Skill;
The Vales her pleasing Notes repeat,
The Stillness makes her Music sweet,
And every Accent shrill.

III.

Thus when Events prove all unkind,
If Vertue has the Soul refin'd,
The Heart will be serene;
Tho' angry Tempests fiercely fly,
'Twill smile beneath a clouded Sky,
Like Laurel ever green.

IV.

This tuneful Bird we so admire,
Amidst the Shades exerts her Fire,
Nor fears the dusky Night;
The Man that's Innocent and Wise,
Amidst his Troubles will arise,
And shine with beauteous Light.

V.

V.

Sharp Trials shew his Vertues great,
 And Sufferings Honour still create,
 When with Submission borne;
 In vain malicious Slanders aim,
 To fully his unspotted Name,
 He treats those Darts with Scorn.

VI.

Let Floods of Sorrows round him roll,
 His Patience will their Force controul;
 And all their Rage appease;
 'Tis Guilt and Suffering when combin'd,
 That press so hard upon the Mind,
 And banish Rest and Ease.

SONG X.

*Upon shooting with a Bow and
 Arrows.*

I.

TWO chearful Lads went out to Play,
 When Flowers had made the Mea-
 [dows gay,
 And both their Bows and Arrows took,
 When tir'd with musing o'er their Book.

II.

They soon a Place convenient found,
 Where smooth and spacious was the
 [Ground,
 They both their Bows with Pleasure drew,
 And swift the feather'd Arrows flew.

III.

Sometimes at distant Marks they aim,
 And strove for Mast'ry in the Game,
 Sometimes they shot their Shafts upright,
 And saw them soar with vast Delight.

IV.

Just in the Midst of all their Sport,
 Their Master thither did resort
 To meditate, and take the Air,
 And found his Pupils busy there.

V.

Their Recreation he approv'd,
 And prais'd the Exercise they lov'd,
 Told them their Minds (as well as Bows)
 If not unbent, would Vigour lose.

VI.

You see (says he) these Arrows fly
 With Pleasure tow'rd the distant Sky,
 By Arrows Thousands have been slain,
 And lost their Blood from every Vein.

VII.

VII.

Thus what well us'd affords us Joy,
 If mis-improv'd will quite destroy;
 These Shafts that now have harmless
 [Wings,
 In War would shew their fatal Stings.

VIII.

I'd have you think that Time does pass
 Swift as these Arrows o'er the Grass.
 Improve the present flying Hour,
 Nor think to Morrow in your Power.

SONG XI.

The Folly of Drunkenness.

I.

'TIS the Noise of some Drunkards,
 now let us attend,
 To see how Confusion and Clamour will
 end,
 With Features distorted, and Brains set on
 fire,
 They reel round the Room, and more
 Liquor require.

II.

II.

Each thinks himself wiser than ever before,
 And the worse he's besotted, he glories
 the more,
 He boasts of those Actions that merit but
 Shame,
 And discovers the Vices that tarnish his
 Name.

III.

Each latent Corruption sprouts from him
 apace,
 And Folly and Impudence flush in his
 Face,
 He Friendship abuses, and flights all
 Decorum,
 And proudly insulting, drives Reason be-
 fore him.

IV.

Tho' the Wine in the Bottle look'd char-
 mingly red,
 Yet it raises a Tempest, and ruffles his
 Head;
 So giddy, so fickle, he soon falls a Prey
 To the vilest Delusions that come in his
 Way.

V.

V.

Thus he ruins his Health, and his Substance destroys,
 By vainly pursuing his fanciful Joys;
 Till perhaps in some Frolick he meets
 with his Bane,
 And runs on the Weapon by which he is
 slain.

SONG XII.

Upon a Boy's being whipp'd at School.

I.

THIS Day my Tutor I've provok'd,
 And felt deserved Smart,
 The Sentence could not be revok'd,
 With all my Care and Art.

II.

I blame my own unheedful Mind
 That Provocation gave,
 And made my Master (tho' he's kind)
 Unwilling then to save.

III.

No Passion sparkled in his Eyes,
 But calmly he went on,
 And only let his Anger rise,
 Left I should be undone.

IV.

IV.

This shall excite my earnest Care,
So good a Friend to please,
And still maintain a decent Fear,
To guard my future Ease.

SONG XIII.

Upon relieving a necessitous Person.

I.

WHAT various Changes do we see,
Who live beneath th' inconstant
[Moon,
Riches like changing Shadows flee,
And vanish from our Grasp as soon.

II.

This very Man whom I reliev'd,
In fair Prosperity has shone :
How must his wounded Soul be griev'd,
Now sharp Necessity comes on ?

III.

Perhaps some unexpected Blow
Has brought him thus to sad Decay,
The sudden, the surprizing Woe,
Took all his spritely Airs away.

IV.

IV.

Or say the Worst; that he has liv'd
 At too profuse and loose a Rate,
 Or else the Wretch might still have thriv'd,
 And flourish'd in his large Estate.

V.

Yet Nature makes a tender Plea
 For Persons overwhelm'd with Grief;
 The human Mind from Pain to free,
 And give the drooping Soul Relief.

VI.

I would not turn away my Eyes,
 Nor treat the Desolate with Scorn,
 A thousand Sorrows may arise,
 And make the bravest Man forlorn.

VII.

Yet let me keep a constant Guard
 Against expensive sensual Mirth,
 Whose Charms have Multitudes insnar'd,
 And brought them low to Grief and Earth.

III.

SONG XIV.

A Morning Meditation.

I.

HOW pleasantly the Morning springs!
While Beauty glitters on its Wings,
Adorning all the East;
The tuneful Lark mounts up on high,
And drawing nearer to the Sky,
Her Music is increas'd.

II.

Since balmy Sleep has chas'd away
All the Fatigues of Yesterday,
Now let me vig'rous rise;
For Study chearfully prepare,
And follow with industrious Care,
The Means to make me wise.

III.

Now in the Morning of my Days
Let me acquire deserved Praise,
And well improve my Mind;
Soon will these happy Hours be gone,
And loaded Years with Pain come on,
Unlike to those behind.

IV.

No anxious Thoughts now fill my Head
 How I shall get my daily Bread,
 With that I'm well supply'd ;
 My Parents shew the tend'rest Care,
 What e'er I want they soon prepare,
 And with Delight provide.

V.

Then let me strive such Friends to please,
 Who thus contribute to my Ease,
 And make my Life so sweet ;
 With Pleasure their Commands obey,
 While Duty guards me all the Day
 From doing what's unmeet.

VI.

Thus shall fresh Scenes of new Delight,
 Shine round my Paths serene and bright,
 And make me brisk and gay ;
 While Learning with Diversion join'd,
 Improve the Body and the Mind,
 And fill the well-spent Day.

SONG XV.

On the Swallows.

I.

THESE Swallows in our Chimnies build,
When Nature with Delight is fill'd,
And every Mead in rich Array
Does fragrant Ornaments display.

II.

Thus in the loveliest Time of Year,
These fickle Birds are always near,
And tire us with continual Notes,
While pleasant Weather tunes their
[Throats.

III.

But soon as wint'ry Storms come on,
These wand'ring Tenants soon are gone;
They spread their Pinions in the Wind,
And leave their mould'ring Nests behind.

IV.

So round the Man of prosp'rous State,
Obsequious Friends will humbly wait,
With Pleasure his Desires fulfil,
And watch the Dictates of his Will.

V.

With Flatt'ry they'll corrupt his Mind,
 And make him to his Interest blind,
 Bring soothing Gales to swell his Pride,
 And waft him gently down the Tide.

VI.

But when Misfortune clouds the Scene
 That once was joyful and serene,
 His fond Attendants disappear,
 And to some brighter Regions steer.

VII.

Their mighty Promises are lost,
 Like Characters engrav'd on Dust,
 By sporting Whirlwinds scatter'd round,
 And not one Letter can be found.

SONG XVI.

*Upon Boys diverting themselves in
 the River.*

I.

SEE how the broad and winding Stream
 With beauteous Currents rolls,
 Whose Surface darts a pleasant Gleam,
 And Fishes glide in Shoals.

II.

II.

Thither the Boys fatigu'd with Heat,
With glad Consent repair,
To plunge in Waters cool and sweet,
And find Refreshment there.

III.

[Meads,
Soft Gales breath'd o'er the Neighb'ring
Rich with the Spoils of Flowers,
And gently sporting round their Heads,
Refresh'd their drooping Powers.

IV.

Each Youth was fond of this Delight,
And in the River play'd,
Some active Lads could dive downright,
And others only wade.

V.

While thus they pass'd their Time away,
The chearful Day was gone ;
Some left the River fresh and gay,
And others ventur'd on.

VI.

But those who rashly staid too late
Receiv'd a chilling Air,
Which sharp Distempers did create,
They bought their Pleasures dear.

VII.

Let Moderation still be us'd
 In softest Scenes of Joy,
 The greatest Comforts if abus'd,
 Will torture and destroy.

SONG XVII.

On playing at Foot-ball.

I. [Ball

WHAT Crowds pursue the tumbling
 In its alternate Course;
 With eager Eyes they watch its Fall,
 And clam'rous to their Partners call
 To shew their utmost Force.

II.

Sometimes a nimble Gamester tries
 To shine amidst the Throng;
 United Strength a while defies,
 The rising Ball before him flies,
 And swiftly bounds along.

III.

But e'er he gains the distant Goal,
 He falters in his Race;
 Then Numbers soon his Aim controul,
 And back the flying Globe they roll,
 While Shouting fills the Place.

IV.

IV.

Thus Minds of an aspiring Cast,
At tempting Grandeur aim ;
To gain the Prize great Numbers haste,
And jealous Rivals Cities waste,
With their ambitious Flame.

V.

Sometimes one Candidate prevails
And glitters for a while ;
But soon his envy'd Honour fails,
Which rugged Rage with Force assails,
Or smites with baser Guile.

VI.

Nay Crowns and Sceptres have been tost
Upon the Martial Plain,
And Royal Ornaments been lost,
And meanly trampled in the Dust,
By Faction and Disdain.

VII.

Thus *York* and *Lancaster* of old
With varying Lustre shone ;
By Turns they wore the Sacred Gold,
While Multitudes amaz'd behold
A mighty Prince undone.

VIII.

Large Streams of Blood profusely shed
 Were shocking to the Sight;
 The different Roses Slaughter spread,
 And noblest Patriots yearly bled
 To serve the Red or White.

SONG XVIII.

*On a green Linnet's being ensnar'd
 with Bird-lime.*

I.

Within a Grove of taper Trees,
 A purling Spring transparent
 [shone,
 There Branches bow'd with every Breeze,
 And Blossoms glitter'd in the Sun.

II.

The pretty Birds did there resort,
 And artless Notes melodious sung,
 Flew round the Boughs with wanton Sport,
 That o'er the gliding Waters hung.

III.

Sometimes they left the verdant Leaves,
 Alighting at the pleasant Streams,
 The cooling Brook Refreshment gives
 Amidst the Sun's indulgent Beams.

IV.

IV.

A crafty Lad had oft been there,
And saw the wing'd Musicians play ;
At length he set a subtle Snare,
The Larks and Linnets to betray.

V.

He spread his *Bird-lime* on the Twigs,
Which made them yet appear more bright,
With fatal Glue he stain'd the Sprigs
On which the Birds were wont to light.

VI.

A spritely Linnet soon appear'd,
And saw the tempting Branches wave,
Then soon the gaudy Bird was snar'd,
Nor could his Wings or Beauty save.

VII.

Thus Pleasure often does mislead,
And smoothly sheds a specious Gleam,
By which it strikes our Comforts dead,
And wakes us from the flatt'ring Dream.

VIII.

The Youth whom shining Parts adorn,
Should most of all, of Snares take heed,
Left Clouds should shade so bright a Morn,
And such a lovely Victim bleed.

SONG XIX.

Upon Boys sliding.

I.

[Woods,

WHEN Frosts have whiten'd all the
 And firmly bound the Chrystal
 How carelessly do Children slide, [Floods,
 And o'er the deepest Waters glide.

II.

On broadest Ponds in Ranks they spread,
 Where just before they durst not tread,
 And with smooth Motion swiftly pass
 Along the new delightful Glass.

III.

But yet amidst this pleasant Sport,
 Sometimes they meet with sudden Hurt,
 The slipp'ry Ice deceives their Feet,
 And mixes Bitter with their Sweet.

IV.

Sometimes it breaks beneath their Weight,
 And then they would retreat too late,
 Into the chilling Waters fall,
 And sinking, for Relief they call.

V.

V.

Or should the Ice still firm remain,
 The Boys give one another Pain ;
 Each aims to trip his Partner's Heels,
 And laughs at what his Neighbour feels.

VI.

Thus when some wild Companions join
 In dang'rous Scenes of Mirth and Wine,
 A Thousand Accidents may rise,
 And all their gayer Hours surprize.

VII.

Ev'n from themselves their Danger springs,
 And Wine abus'd has piercing Stings ;
 Quarrels begin with angry Words,
 And end in Wounds and bloody Swords.

SONG XX.

Upon a tender Plant's being blasted.

I.

YOUNG Robert by his Father sent,
 One Morning to a Garden went
 To fetch some Herbs and Flowers ;
 He there the Gard'ner pensive found,
 Wandring along the pleasant Ground,
 And sighing round his Bowers.

II.

The Youth enquir'd what caus'd his Grief,
And ask'd him what would give Relief,
Or chase away his Care?
Strange that the Man who all the Day
Was wont to look so free and gay,
Should now so sad appear!

III.

A great Design I had is cross'd,
A rich and blooming Plant is lost,
The mournful Gard'ner cry'd;
'Twas ruin'd by a luckless Blight,
And in one sharp disastrous Night
Its lovely Verdure dy'd.

IV.

With constant Care I did attend,
Its rising Beauties to defend,
And keep it safe and warm;
Defensive Glasses have been spread,
To guard its soft and tender Head
From ev'ry casual Harm.

V.

V.

Now all my Labour's render'd vain,
The chearing Sun the cooling Rain
Can never raise it more ;
The Leaves have lost their charming Green,
And sickly Paleness now is seen,
On every wither'd Flower.

VI.

Thus some unhappy Youth betray'd
By tempting Snares too closely laid,
To vicious Courses turns ;
Then all his Hopes are thrown away,
And the Dishonours of that Day
The tender Parent mourns.

VII.

His brightest Parts receive a Blast,
And all his Studies prove but Waste,
So dismal is the Blow ;
For Vice enfeebles all the Soul,
Its Peace and Joy does soon controul,
And lays its Honour low.

SONG XXI.

On the Whipping of Tops.

I.

SEE the Tops on the Pavement, they
 twirl and they bound,
 And swift is the Circuit they take on
 the Ground ;
 The Lads all pursuing, each doubles his
 Blow,
 And the faster they scourge them, the
 better they go.

II.

If once the Whip ceases to urge their
 Career,
 These little gay Play-Things will heavy
 appear,
 'Tis the Lash when well follow'd that
 makes them to spin,
 And the Boy that leaves striking, his
 Work's to begin.

III.

III.

Thus obstinate Tempers will nothing
perform,
Except that you drive them as fierce as
a Storm;
With softest Address use your utmost
Endeavour,
You'll labour in vain thus to mend them
for ever.

IV.

Such Lads will not Tutors nor Parents
obey,
Till the Rod of Correction makes ready
the Way,
Thus all their Obedience is forc'd and
untoward,
And there's no gentle dealing with Scho-
lars so froward.

V.

But the Lad that is blest with a tractable
Mind,
Will still grow the better when his Master
kind,
A Word, or a Look, is enough to excite
him,
And he ne'er gives Occasion for Tutors
to fright him.

SONG

SONG XXII.

*On a Boy's pursuing a Butterfly as
he was going to School.*

I.

THE Sun his warmest Beams display'd,
And Cattle sought the cooler Shade,
When little *Charles* to School was sent,
And chearfully the Scholar went.

II.

But walking o'er a verdant Mead,
With flow'ry Beauties largely spread,
The Child beheld with eager Eyes
A pretty Butterfly arise.

III.

Its Wings were richly streak'd and gay,
Like speckled Pride of blooming *May*,
The Boy to seize the Prize made haste,
And long the charming Insect chac'd.

IV.

And now it lighted on a Flower,
And seem'd as just within his Power,
Then gave a sudden active Spring,
And soar'd and glitter'd on the Wing.

V.

V.

While thus the fond deluded Boy
Sought to obtain his painted Joy,
He tir'd his little busy Feet,
And gain'd but Weariness and Sweat.

VI.

Besides the Time so far was gone,
He was afraid to venture on;
He durst not see his Master's Face,
Nor answer for his silly Chace.

VII.

Thus Persons more advanc'd in Years,
When some delusive Charm appears,
Forget their great and main Design,
And with the fond Proposal join.

VIII.

Tho' Matters of the greatest Weight
Call for a present wise Debate;
They after glittering Trifles fly,
That still deceive, tho' ever nigh.

SONG XXIII.

On the Crowing of a Cock.

I.

[Note,

HARK how the Cock with spritely
 Crows loudly, thrill, and gay!
 And the brisk Sounds that strain his
 Foretell approaching Day. [Throat,

II.

Tho' then surrounding Darknefs reigns,
 Soon will the Shadows fly,
 And Light adorn the chearful Plains
 With Beauty from the Sky.

III.

This makes the Crowing of the Cock
 So grateful to the Ear,
 Like Music from a Nat'ral Clock,
 To tell that Pleasure's near.

IV.

Th' industrious Swain to Labour bred,
 Hears his exciting Sound,
 And soon he leaves his softer Bed,
 To cultivate the Ground.

I

V.

V.
The restless Man oppress'd with Grief
That longs to see the Morn,
From this kind Herald finds Relief,
And waits its bright Return.

VI.
Whilst I this watchful Bird admire,
Let me some Lesson learn,
To early Diligence aspire,
In ev'ry good Concern.

VII.
And tho' disheartning Scenes should rise,
Let not my Courage fail,
But brighten under gloomy Skies,
And o'er the Shades prevail.

SONG

SONG XXIV.

*Upon a little Girl's playing with a
painted Baby.*

I.

SEE how this painted smiling Toy,
Gives little Miss a mighty Joy,
To make it gayly shine!
Sometimes she rocks it in her Arms,
And strives to sooth with utmost Charms
Her Baby grown so fine.

II.

With Ribbons she adorns its Hair,
To make her Beauty look more fair,
And decks the Head with Lace;
Sometimes she lays it on a Bed,
Where Crimson Curtains round it
And guard the quiet Place. [spread,

III.

Soon after as the Humour turns,
Against this Babe her Anger burns,
And roundly she will chide;
Threatens her Play-Thing with the Rod,
And makes the Image look but odd,
Stripp'd of its Tinsel Pride.

IV.

IV.

We smile at this diverting Scene,
We think her Entertainment mean,
And trifling this Affair ;
Yet when advanc'd to riper Years,
More Folly in our Lives appears,
And unavailing Care.

V.

Some tempting Idol we admire,
Perhaps to airy Fame aspire,
Delusion makes it bright ;
Or we're allur'd with glittering Oar,
And still our wandring Fancies soar,
In Chace of false Delight.

VI.

The Darlings which we entertain,
Not only empty are, and vain,
But often deeply wound ;
Whereas this Child's delightful Play
Helps her to pass the harmless Day,
In no uneasy Round.

SONG

SONG XXV.

*Upon a little Boy's amusing himself
with a Parrot.*

I.

A Parrot in a gilded Cage,
Near a broad Window stately hung,
An active Boy of tender Age
Took mighty Pleasure in his Tongue.

II.

So prettily this Bird wou'd talk,
And cry, *Good Morrow, and good Night,*
Young *James* about the Hall wou'd walk,
And hear him prate with vast Delight.

III.

Sure, cry'd the fond transported Boy,
There never was a Voice more sweet,
Thy merry Accents give me Joy,
And every Sound thou dost repeat.

IV.

His elder Brother coming by,
Observ'd with Pleasure, all his Mirth,
And smiling, ask'd a Reason why
He thought the Bird had so much worth?

V.

V.

The Bird ! (says *James*) it does rehearse
 Each pointed Sentence with an Air,
 Can mimick either Prose or Verse ;
 Besides it looks exceeding fair.

VI.

Just thus (his Brother soon reply'd)
 Some comely Lads at School will look,
 Their Tongues will o'er their Lessons glide,
 Yet they know little of their Book,

VII.

With Words and Sounds they idly play,
 But never exercise the Mind ;
 Such Talents as these Boys display,
 In gaudy Parrots we may find.

SONG XXVI.

*Upon waking out of a frightful
 Dream.*

I.

HOW grateful is the glad Surprise
 That strikes my joyful Soul !
 While chearful Day salutes my Eyes,
 And soft the Minutes roll.

II.

II.

How was I frighted in my Dream!
What Anguish seiz'd my Heart!
Despair was then my only Theme;
And racking was the Smart.

III.

Thro' gloomy Woods I seem'd to stray,
Where threatening Terror reign'd,
And savage Monsters round my Way
Perpetual Watch maintain'd.

IV.

Just ready then to be devour'd,
I gave my self for lost,
When Morning Beauties round me pour'd,
And peaceful was the Coast.

V.

Happy if thus in real Life
Our Pain would pass away!
When we are plung'd in Scenes of Strife,
Or brought to sad Decay.

VI.

But Sorrow claims a greater Share
Of all our wakeful Hours;
Presses the Soul with longer Fear,
And ruffles all its Powers.

VII.

VII.

Yet Providence sometimes appears
Swift to the Suff'ers Aid,
And shews a Train of brighter Years,
Behind the moving Shade.

VIII.

Then as the Darknefs disappears
When Light remounts the Skies,
Reviving Thoughts dispel their Fears,
And all their Anguish dies.

SONG XXVII.

The Polite Shepherd.

I.

THE Morn in smiling Purple rose,
And call'd the Swains from sweet
The dewy Meads to trace ; [Repose,
While glancing Beams the Mountains gild,
And shone on every rising Field
With a delightful Grace.

II.

A Youth that tended Flocks of Sheep,
Left the soft Charms of tempting Sleep,
And sought the Neighb'ring Plain;
There while his Charge were seeking Grass,
He made his Minutes smoothly pass
With many a pleasant Strain.

III.

Tho' Poor and Friendless here I sit,
With chearful Temper I submit
To this obscure Retreat;
Without Desire I could survey
The Gems which make a Crown look gay,
And think a Cottage sweet.

IV.

Here Nature paints the fragrant Fields,
And Scenes of constant Pleasure yields,
Unknown to Crowns and Courts;
Here the base Flatt'rer will not come,
Here Lies and Slanders find no Room,
Nor Envy here resorts.

V.

In no base Arts I spend my Time,
But as with Bees melodious Chime,
I lay me down to rest;
No Cares then hover round my Head,
Nor nightly Fears vexatious spread,
My Slumbers to molest.

VI.

Sometimes whole Ev'nings here I stay
And see the Stars in bright Array
Disperse their lovely Fires;
Profoundly then my Soul adores
His Hand that brings the starry Hours,
When Day's bright King retires.

VII.

Oft-times when Trav'lers go astray,
I take Delight to shew the Way
And see them safe restor'd;
And if their fainting Spirits sink,
I give them Food and such mean Drink
As Shepherds can afford.

SONG XXVIII.

*On a little Boy's endeavouring to
catch a Snake.*

I. [Pride,
WHEN Gardens shone with verdant
And Fruit with Crimson Streaks
[was dy'd,
And every Bush in green Attire,
With ripen'd Berries rais'd Desire ;

II.
A Master did indulge his Boys
Their free Pursuit of rural Joys,
Upon a Day with Mirth o'erspread,
And mark'd in Almanacks with Red.

III. [Glades,
They pass'd thro' Groves and blooming
Where Boughs diffus'd their checquer'd
[Shades,
And merry Birds with warbling Airs,
Flew round the Trees in gentle Pairs.

IV.

IV.

Young *Henry* wander'd from the rest,
 In Hopes to find a pretty Nest,
 Where younger Beauties he might seize,
 And Birds just fledg'd his Fancy please.

V.

But as he rambled pert and gay,
 A Snake shot cross the flow'ry Way,
 And proudly drew upon the Plain
 The glossy Honours of his Train.

VI.

He saw the speckled Creature pass
 In wanton Curls along the Grass;
 Its gaudy Glances struck his Eyes,
 And gave him Pleasure with Surprise.

VII.

He follow'd hard to overtake
 And catch the Serpent in the Brake,
 Charm'd with the Beauties of his Crest,
 And burnish'd Spots that grac'd his Breast.

VIII.

But all in vain the Boy essay'd
 To find it in the thicker Shade;
 It soon deceiv'd his eager Sight,
 And robb'd him of his new Delight.

IX.

The Child his Fortune did deplore,
 That he should never see it more;
 No more for ever should behold
 Its glittering Sides that shone like Gold.

X.

Had he but known its baneful Sting,
 Swift as a Bird of active Wing,
 From painted Poyson he had fled,
 From fatal Green, and burning Red.

XI.

Thus hapless Mortals prone to Vice
 (Whose flatt'ring Colours soon entice)
 Pursue their Ruin; doat on Death,
 And loose their Honour and their Breath.

SONG XXIX.

On a Rainbow.

I.

SEE how the Rainbow richly shines,
 And smiles upon the Storm!
 While Sun-Beams all its Arch refine
 And pleasing Colours form.

II.

What lovely Mixtures here we see
Of Red, and Blue, and Green;
And various Dyes of Light agree
To paint the gaudy Scene.

III.

Yet soon its Lustre will decay,
Its glitt'ring Beauty fade,
Like Streaks that make the Morning gay,
And glance a-cross the Glade.

IV.

Thus fly the Scenes that charm our Sight,
And flatter young Desire,
At first they shed a pleasant Light,
And set our Souls on fire.

V.

But while transported thus we gaze,
It leaves our longing Eyes;
While we march o'er the flow'ry Ways,
The withering Herbage dies.

VI.

Honour with all its pompous Train
Fleets like a Mid-night Dream;
Then sounding Titles prove but vain,
And Fame of small Esteem.

VII.

Riches may make a glitt'ring Show,
 Yet soon they stretch their Wings,
 And softest Pleasures here below
 Fly off and leave their Stings.

VIII.

Friendship's the most substantial Bliss
 That Earth pretends to yield;
 Yet there we Satisfaction miss,
 Nor are our Hopes fulfill'd.

IX.

Death with a sharp surprizing Stroke
 Can dearest Friends divide;
 Then all the lovely Scheme is broke,
 And Sorrow swells her Tide.

SONG XXX.

On a Horse Race.

I.

HOW quick the Rival Horses start!
 The Riders use their utmost Art
 To gain the Honour and the Prize,
 And view the Goal with ardent Eyes.

II.

IXXX II.

The Steeds each active Sinew strain,
And rush along the grassy Plain;
The Foremost panting, strive and blow,
And Flakes of Foam behind them throw.

III.

Each Courser dreads to lag behind,
And swift as Blasts of *Eastern* Wind,
Darts thro' the long appointed Race,
Their flying Footsteps leave no Trace.

IV. [Flame;

Thus Scholars warm'd with generous
At large Improvements still will aim,
Still strive in Learning to excel,
And from their Partners bear the Bell.

V.

Ambition here deserves no Blame,
And noble Struggling merits Fame;
Here Emulation spurs them on
To Virtue, Wisdom, and Renown.

SONG XXXI.

On some Boys seeing a Lion, a Leopard, and other wild Beasts at a Show.

I.
WITH what agreeable Surprize
 The Boys behold the Lion rise
 And shake his yellow Mane?
 With savage Pride he stalks along,
 As when he bounded fierce and young
 A-crofs the *Lybian* Plain.

II.
 Yet still his Keeper can assuage
 His angry Roar, his utmost Rage,
 And make him gently move;
 The surly Beast appears so tame,
 You'd think him gentle as some Lamb
 That's wandering thro' the Grove.

III.

The Leopard too with wanton Play,
At once shines terrible and gay,
In native Spots array'd;
And tho' his Skin so glossy bright
Gives the Spectators some Delight,
'Tis still with Fear allay'd.

IV.

Yet this and fiercer Beasts beside,
In all their Fury and their Pride
Their lordly Master own.
His threatning Voice they all attend,
And *Afric* Monsters lowly bend
Beneath his angry Frown.

V.

Thus when the Passions of the Mind,
A proper Regulation find,
How pleasing is the Sight!
Ev'n Anger does but gently burn,
And conquer'd Sorrows sweetly turn
To Peace and calm Delight.

VI.

VI.

But when beyond their Bounds they fly,
 They rack the Breast, they fire the Eye,
 And every Part inflame ;
 'Tis Reason's Province to controul
 The vicious Sallies of the Soul,
 And wild Rebellion tame.

IV.



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